### THE POLICY OF POLITENESS

It Brings Returns and Is an Effective Agency in Making Life Worth Living.

People Are More Easily Won by Smiles than by Frowns-How to Get Along Successfully-Inspire Respect and Gain Good Will.

A smile is mightier than a scowl, and a compliment more parsuasive than a curse. In other words, it pays to be polite. The courteous man is better equipped for the battle of life than he who tries to bully his way through the world. A calm and suave manner, in the first place, is an assertion of power by its possessor; in the second place it implies a certain deference to others that gratifies them and puts them in a receptive mood. Few are the human beings that do not place a high apprectation on respectful attention to themselves, whatever their disposition, temperament or prevailing mental state. I am not upholding flattery or mock elaboration of courtesy. In general, it is a great mistake to wheedle people. They see through it and resent it. One should be polite spontaneously and naturally, and assume that no other course is possible either by himself or by those with whom he comes in contact. There may be exceptions to this rule, but it is available in such a majority of emer-

it is available in such a majority of emergencies that it constitutes an almost universally safe guide for conduct.

The virtue of politeness receives many demonstrations in newspaper offices. The day editor of a morning paper knows this, or ought to know it, for such knowledge will serve him frequently and well. One of this fraternity said to me:

"In the forenoon I begin my attack on a bushel or two of exchanges. Scissors, paste and pencil hold away, for, in addition to jokes and personals and general miscellany which must be selected and put in shape for 'copy,' I must search for editorial opinions and stray bits of news that will interest my chief, clipping or marking whatever may demand his attention; and the mail always brings poems and other contributions, complaints, inquiries and requests, that must be scanned critically.

"This is the time when people with grievances make their visits. The police reports and crime calendar are fruitful of material for complaints, Between 10 o'clock and noon the 'tough,' who feels injured at seeing his misdeeds in print, or the victim whose name is in the 'drunk and disorderly' list, is wont to make a call with anger in his heart, a demand for satisfaction on his

list, is wont to make a call with anger in his heart, a demand for satisfaction on his lips, and perhaps blood in his eye. Sometimes I can detect the approach of such characters by their step, while almost invariably their faces give instant indication of their errands. Practice and experience have enabled me to greet them with the calmness and courtesy due to a president of a chamber of commerce or an agent of a charitable society. A polite 'good morning is not an encourager of anger. It is, in the first place, a sort of a peace signal, and its effect is heightened by a placid gaze of inquiry.

JUDICIOUS POLITENESS. "The visitor, if he is suffering from exdisposition, may plunge into his subject with volubility and harshness. He may even announce disastrous results to the establishment, and particularly unpleasant consequences to the man that 'put the piece in,' in the event of instant reparation being refused. It is well, under such circumstances, to listen patiently to the tale, meanwhile looking the narrator steadily in the eye, letting your own stare be more or less stony, according to exigencies, which must be judged instantly. When a man is very angry I encourage a full recital of his grievances. I then begin back at the beginning and ply him with questions, exacting a full and minute explanation of every item in his complaint. This must be done with his complaint. This must be done with care, tact and the utmost seriousness. The object is two-fold. First, the tongue is a sort of safety-valve, and the mere act or reciting the tale of his wrongs generally calms a man down. Second, the most ferocious individual, when his bluster falls flat, is somewhat humiliated. He begins to suspect that he has 'given himself away,' and experiences a desire to set himself right. A reasonable frame of mind follows, and then it is not difficult to discuss the subject in

reasonable frame of mind follows, and then it is not difficult to discuss the subject in hand calmly, and reach an approximately satisfactory conclusion.

"I do not mean to say that these tactics are invariably successful. One cannot reason with a drunken man, nor can a professional ruffian always be pacified. Still, on only a single occasion have I had to throw one of the former out, and not more than one of the former out, and not more than two or three times have I deemed it necessary to dally suggestively with a two-pound cut of Lydia Pinkham, used as a paper-weight, in cases which looked squally. Once I argued a man out of thrashing me by advising him as a friend not to do it. I assured him that he would get the worst of it in any event; that, in the first place, I might possibly 'do him up,' and, in the second place, even if he should break every bone in my body, he would bitterly regret the act, because the that would burn into his soul, and hold him up in such light before the community that he would never want to look any of his friends in the face again. I think I hypnotized that fellow, for he went away as quiet as a lamb.

"Women? Well, they rarely make complaints, and they are not so difficult to get along with as you might think. They are

ong with as you might think. They are apulsive, hysterical and unreasonable, but I have never yet encountered one who did not succumb to gentlemanly treatment. They tax one's patience sometimes, because they talk so much, but all women take kindly to the respectful courtesies that are due from the sterner sex."

HOW IT WORKS ON THE TOUGHS. A reporter on a New York paper told me that a cool and courteous manner had carried him through many ordeals. Said he:

"I have been in the toughest places going, but never failed to get out all right, and never, by threats of rough treatment, failed to get the news I was after. Once there was a labor riot and a pretty bad one. There had been a strike, the organized men blood had been shed. As quick as the stones and clubs stopped flying I rushed for an open door and found myself in a small saloon. It turned out to be the head-quarters of the 'gang.' and there were ugly, vicious and flushed faces all around me. Sitting down at a small table I ordered a glass of beer and pulled paper and pancil from my pocket. Twenty pairs of particularly evil-looking eyes were at once centered on me, and one big ruffian said, 'Say, are you going to write a piece for the papers about this scrimmage?' That is what I intend doing,' I replied, plunging into the work. 'Well, it don't go—see?' the fellow growled. 'Oh, yes it does.' I replied, pleasantly. 'If I don't write it somebody else will. I wish some of you would stay around here a few minutes and help me get had attacked the 'scabs,' and considerable around here a few minutes and help me get it right.' Then, picking out the most ferocious looking ruffian of the lot—he was a regular giant—I said to him: 'Won't you just look over my shoulder and keep track of what I am writing? If you see anything wrongly stated speak out. I am after the ferocious giant was surprised and flattered, but apparently somewhat distrustful rented an apartment on the third floor of the adjoining house. They pierced a hole almost through the wall wide enough for the passage of a man's body, and at a signal from Degaieff they broke through with one blow and entered Soudeikine's lodging. They found him, struck with a poniard from behind, and lying on the floor in a pool of blood. As he was still breathing, they finished him with their hammers. Then with Degaieff they referocious giant was surprised and flattered, but apparently somewhat distrustful of his ability to follow my manuscript, for he called two companions to his assistance, and the three stationed themselves behind my chair. They breathed audibly and fragrantly, and watched the traveling of my pencil with intense interest. The bystanders contemplated the proceedings with close attention, frequently exchanging hoarse whispers. Any demonstrations of noisiness were quickly checked by the fellows behind me, who were evidently persons of some distinction and authority in the gang. They were of real assistance to me in maintaining quiet and in giving bits of information for which I occasionally asked. In half an hour I had finished, and after gathering up my 'copy,' asked my watchers if it was all right. They looked at each other wisely, and then at me stupidly, and finally replied that the thing seemed to be told about as it.

\*\*Ram's Horn.\*\*

The best kind of religion to have in the same kind they are are any time. Then host kind of religion to have in the same and the treet, so well disquised that he was not recognized even by the three police agents who kept pacing up and down until morning, waiting for any order that might be sent by their chief, soudiskine. These agents did not dare to knock at the door during the night, but they are any any there is a hour later than my there is no lood. As he was hot recognized when he im my there is unred to their rooms. Half an hour later the murderer was in the street, so well disquised that he was not recognized even by the turned to their rooms. Half an hour later the murderer was in the street, so well disquised that he was not recognized even by the three police agents who kept pacing up and down until morning, waiting for any order that might be sent by their chief, soudiskine. These agents did not dare to knock at the door during the night, but they are any order that might be sent by their chief, soudiskine. These agents did not down until morning. Waiting the was not r ferocious giant was surprised and flat-tered, but apparently somewhat distrustful of his ability to follow my manuscript, for he called two companions to his assistance, and the three stationed themselves behind

were no mistakes, though I doubt if any of them had any but the vagnest idea of what I had written. One voice demanded that the report be read aloud, but I said there was not time for that—they would see it in the Boomer the next morning. The suggestion was also resented by the watching committee, who declared that they knew what they were about. Then, after a brief expression of thanks, I left the place and hurried to the office with my copy. If I had shown the least bit of fight or fear I should probably have got a broken head. But I assumed that the crowd was composed of fair-minded men and treated them as such. That not only pleased them, but left no excuse for hostile demonstrations. And, although the rioters got a very bad roasting in the Boomer, I could do the same thing with the same crowd again. It pays to keep a cool head and a polite tongue, wherever you are."

ITS UNIVERSAL EFFICACY. I have talked with bill-collectors, money lenders, policemen, street-ear conductors and "gang-bosses," and nine out of ten admit that it seldom pays to be abusive. "The most unpleasant duties can be made easier by treating people 'white,' " said the superintendent of a mining camp. "I am pretty popular with my men, and have their respect. Perhaps it is because I never swear at them and never forget that they are human beings."

An observant man recently said to me:
"There is hardly a station or a relationship in life in which courteous manners and words do not help one to 'get along' with people. This is as true of the bell-boy as of the hotel clerk; and the brakeman knows it as well as does the railroad president. Mr. Depew has the reputation of being the most polite and popular business man in the United States. It is said that he even can refuse a request in such a manner as to can refuse a request in such a manner as to send the applicant away in a happy and self-satisfied frame of mind. Men and women are cheered by pleasant words. So are children. It is as easy to rear a family of little ladies and gentlemen as to bring up a rabble of enarling young boors. And what a comfort to themselves and their companions are the former. It is said that the aim of life, boiled down, is the pursuit of happiness. But while pursuing happiness, one must also diffuse it, or his quest will be in vain. It is so easy, too, if one starts right, to do something toward if one starte right, to do something toward making the world a co-operative society for mutual enjoyment. It is everybody's duty to cultivate the arts of politeness. Life has its fighting side, of course, but it comes to the front of its own accord, and does not need special encouragement. Courtesy is elf-satisfying, it confers pleasure, it mands respect, and it prevails over brutality in many a conflict. Did you read that bit of verse in Puck the other day? It goes

"It doan' pay to do much talkin' w'en you' mad enuff to choke, 'Kase de word dat stings de deepes' am de one dat's neber spoke;
Let the other fellow wrangle till de storm an blowed away, Den he'll do a pile of thinkin' 'bout de things you

"There is a life-lesson for you that some cople would do well to study and heed."

NIHILIST DEGAIEFF.

How Colonel Saudeikine Was Assassinated by a Man Whose Life He Had Saved.

The recent murder of M. Balitscheff, the Bulgarian Finance Minister, cannot be charged to the Nihilists, although the Czar's charged to the Nihilists, although the Czar's government sent a note to Sotia lately complaining that Muscovite Nihilists were harbored in Bulgaria. The Balitscheff murder has recalled to mind another dispatch, which stated about twelve days ago that the most famous of Nihilists, Degaieff, had been finally discovered and arrested at Kostroma, Russia. Later on it was stated that there was no foundation for the report. Many European foundation for the report. Many European papers have published sketches of the career of the celebrated Nihilist, the most complete and correct one appearing in the Paris Figaro, from the pen of M. Victor Yoza, who was residing at St. Petersburg in 1883, at the time of the assassination of Colonel Soudeikine, the chief of the secret

About 1880, according to Figaro, young Degaieft was a captain in the Russian Imperial Guard. He associated with the Nihilists, and one day he found himself at the head of a plot. The conspiracy was detected and Degaieff was sentenced to death. Feeling that he was lost and entertaining not the least hope, he waited patiently for death in his well, reading books and smoking cigarettes. One night the cell door was sundenly opened. "Those are the executioners," thought the sentenced man. But it was the chief of the secret police of St. Petersburg, the colonel of the gen-darmes, Soudeikine, a former mate of Degaieff in the Guards. Degaieff in the Guards.

"Good morning, Degaieff," said Soudei-"What do you want from me? It is the last interrogatory, is it not?" replied De-

"No, Degaieff," answered Soudeikine.
"You are mistaken. It is the Emperor's pardon that I bring you."

These simple words produced a magical effect upon the young prisoner. Shaken by his sudden emotion, he could hardly pronounce the words: "What do you ask from

me in exchange?"

"Nothing, absolutely nothing—at least for the moment. You are free. Let us go out; we'll have a talk at my house."

When once in his library Soudeikine said to Degaiff: "Do you remember our friendship? It is that which has saved you. I personally asked the Emperor for your pardon. I swore to him that you would not begin again. You know that the Czar honors me with his friendship; he could not refuse to me the head of a friend which the law claimed for the gallows."

Degaieff was overcome. He fell upon the neck of Soudeikine and kissed him. He became Soudeikine's secretary and in a short time was the terror of his former brethren. Through him some twenty Nihilists were sent to the scaffold and huntreds into Siberian exile. One day, however, Degaieff was bitten by remorses. knowing the address of a celebrated Ninilist whom he had not yet delivered up to the police he called on him, threw himself at his feet and asked him what he could do in order to obtain the forgiveness of in order to obtain the forgiveness of the Nihilists and re-enter their ranks. "Kill Soudeikine," was the answer. Degateff asked to be given one day to think the matter over. He returned on the next day, and swore that Soudeikine would be removed in a month. Soudeikine would be removed in a month.

The Nihilists were anxious to have Soudeikine out of the way. Enjoying all the confidence of the Emperor, he belonged nominally only to the third section. He had his own personal police, which had nothing in common with the official police. He paid his men out of fruds left at his disposal in the Bank of the Empire. He spent for the service tens of thousands of roubles every month, but he lived with his family in a very modest manner in one of

A Remarkable Ordeal to Which Many Men Submit and Still Retain Their Sanity.

H. W. L's London Letter in New York Tribune. The swearing in of a new peer brings upon the scene an unwonted presence. This is Garter King-at-arms, a personage, the creation of whose office dates back to the year 1417. On any night in the season you may chance to meet Garter King-at-arms dining out. He is then Sir Albert Woods a distinctly ordinary person, not distinguishable among the circle of guests. But when duties of state call him to the House of Lords he is a gorgeous creature habited in cloth-of-gold, with the royal arms of England broidered on his back, as if he were a flag-staff. Garter King is master of the ceremonies on these occasions, coaches the new peer and his introducers, personally conducting them through it and around it like a glorified Mr. Cook. He is accompanied by Black Rod, the chief official of the House of Lords, who, on this occasion, however, must needs play a secondary part.

Garter King takes charge of the new peer and his escort in the robing-room, where they have donned the scarlet robes worn only on these occasions, and when the sovereign opens Parliament in person. The peer's robes are of red cloth, with rows of miniver on the mantles or capes. To the initiated a giance at the fur trimming on a peer's robes tells what is his rank. There are so miniver on the mantles or capes. To the initiated a giance at the fur trimming on a peer's robes tells what is his rank. There are so many rows for a baron, another stripe for a viscount, and so on through the grades of earl, marquis, up to the lefty height of duke. Peeresses of the United Kingdom also have their distinctive robes, though there are exceedingly few alive to-day who have worn them. It is only at coronations that peeresses don their robes, and it is more than fifty years since we had a coronation in London. With the peeresses their rank is indicated by the length of their trains, as they move into their appointed place on Coronation day. Barons' wives are limited to a length of one yard of train on the ground. The train of a viscountess measures a yard and a quarter. A belted earl's lady is allowed a yard and a nalf. The train of a marchioness reaches a yard and three-quarters, while a duchess's train runs the full length of two yards. These are serious matters specially under the care and control of the earl marshal, who probably does not repine at the intrangency of coronations shal, who probably does not repine at the

All being ready, the procession is formed and makes its way into the House from below the bar at the end remote from the woolsack. The structural formation of the House deals the final blow at any possible dignity in the procession. In the Commons the approach to the table is unincumbered, and the new member, with his escort on either hand, marches up to the mace. In the Lords, the floor being incumbered with benches and the table, the only form a procession can reach the the only form a procession can reach the woolsack in is in single file. Black Rod goes first, Garter King at his heels, with the three cloaked figures of the peers following. Arrived at the Woolsack, the new peer drops on his right knee and presents to the Lord Chancellor a scroll which is un-derstood to be the writ of summons bidding derstood to be the writ of summons bidding him, in the Queen's name, to take his seat in the hereditary Legislature. The Lord Chancellor, who, at the approach of the stranger, deliberately puts a three-cornered hat on top of his wig, takes the scroll and hands it to an attendant. Then the new peer rises to his feet, and bows to the Lord Chancellor, Garter King-at-arms wriggles his way back to the rear of the procession and leads it back to the table. Here stands Mr. Bethell, son of a famous Lord Chancellor, occupying in the chamber, over which his father once presided, the humble post of reading clerk. To him ber, over which his father once presided, the humble post of reading clerk. To him the new peer hands his patent of peerage, which the reading clerk is understood to recite, though as far as any intelligible sentence emerges from the level torrent of his words, he might be reciting the names of the ships in Homer. This done, the new peer takes the oath and signs the roll of Parliament.

And now a strange thing happens. In the prosaic Commons, when a new member has been brought to the table, has taken the oath and signed the roll, he goes and shakes hands with the Speaker, and thereafter lapses into the ranks of the general body of members. But the Lords have another and a quainter way. The new peer, having signed the roll, the indefatigable and insuppressible Garter King-at-arms sets off at a round pace in the direction of sets off at a round pace in the direction of the door, the three peers following him and Black Rod bringing up the rear. If he walked in a straight line from the table, he would pass out at the door by which the procession entered and there an end out. But Garter King knows better what is due to the British Constitution. Just in front of the bar, where the Speaker stands when attending upon a royal commission, there are three rows of benches. These are known as the cross benches, and here sit the Prince of Wales and other peers of the royal family, with, in the rear. here sit the Prince of Wales and other peers of the royal family, with, in the rear, one or two noble lords who are not in full accord with either political party and cannot, on their conscience, sit on the same side with one or the other. Reaching the cross benches, Garter King-at-arms suddenly turns sharp to the right, and walks along the space between the first and second, behind him coming the three peers and Black Rod. Arrived at the end, he doubles, returning along the passage by the next bench, the procession keeping diligently at his heels, as if the game they were engaged upon were "follow my

leader."

It might be supposed by the irreverent looker-on that Garter King-at-arms, convinced of the impossibility of shaking off his pertinacious followers, and finding himself, as the result of the last maneuver, close by the door, would now go out. Not he. Flanking the passage up to the gangway are the rows of benches where the Opposition sit. The cluster of benches nearest the door are, on occasions when the Queen opens Parliament in person, reserved for barons, who, for the nonce sit there unmindful of party ties. These are there, known as the barons' benches, and in the scene I particularly describe the newcomer was a baron. Emerging from the cross benches Garter King-at arms, with agility remarkable in so stately a personage, hopped across the gangway and ran up the steps leading to the rows of barons' benches. Stopping at the last but one, he passed along till he stood midway, with his back, biazoned with the royal arms, turned upon the awe-struck House. When the procession came up with him, he beckoned the three peers to sit down, Black Rod remaining standing in the gangway. Under his further direction they not one the site of the rows of the royal arms, turned upon the ave-struck House. When the procession came up with him, he beckoned the three peers to sit down, Black Rod remaining standing in the gangway. Under his ing standing in the gangway. Under his further direction they put on their three-cornered bats, hitherto carried tucked under their arms. At another sign these three grown-up men turned their faces in the direction of woolsack, and gravely raised their hats in salute of the Lord Chancellor. who, with almost supernatural solemnity, returned the sainte by raising his hat. There was a pause, during which Garter King, with head downcast, seemed to be uttering a silent prayer. After a space, during which he might have counted twenty, the three lords, again turning their twenty, the three lords, again turning their heads toward the remote end of the chamber where the Lord Chancellor daugled from the woolsack, they litted their hats, the Lord Chancellor, as before, returning the salute. Once more Garter King bent his head, and having counted another twenty looked up, when again, for the third time, the still seated personaised their hats the Lord Chancellor lifting his in acknowledgment. Meanwhile not a word had been spoken. Garter King, clearing out from the Barons' bench, led the way back to the Woolsack, where all frigidity having been melted by these remarkable proceedings, the Lord Chancellor cordially shook hands with the new peer, who, passing out by with the new peer, who, passing out by the door behind the throne, in company with Garter King, Black Rod and the two red-cloaked figures, presently returned clothed in ordinary morning dress, and in spite of all that had passed, still in his

right mind. Trees That Inherit

Illustrated News of the World. Professor Girard brings to remembrance

# THE NEW YORK STORE.

"Keeping ahead of the crowd, indeed, We care not who follow if only we lead."



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-Cutlery; West Door.

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-Pictures: Fourth Floor.

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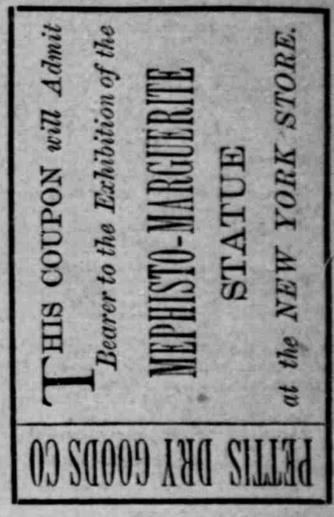
know, are sole agents for the Demorest Machine. The \$19.50 quality is equal to any other machine sold on installments at \$55. We sell lots of them. If it has been represented to you as being a new and untried machine, we wish to say we can furnish addresses of ladies have used this machine for

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Nos. 9 and 12, 10c. Nos. 16 and 22, 15c Per vard.

### BOYS' CLOTHING.

We show a strong line of Boys' 2 and 3-piece suits, in plain and plaid, all-wool, Cheviots and Whipcords, made by the best makers in the country-\$4 to \$7. 2-piece Jersey Suits in new and nobby styles-Black and Blue, \$3 to \$5. A LEADER. Navy New colors have arrived in the \$5 Suits, Blue Jersey Suit, with fancy braid trimmings, sailor collar and ribbon bows, \$5 the suit.

### BOYS'HATS and CAPS

Naval and Military Caps, Tennis and Tam o' Shanter Caps, etc., from 38c to \$3 each.

# UPHOLSTERY GOODS.

Are right in line with the other needfuls for house furnishing. Lace and Chenille Curtains and Furniture Coverings, Art Silks and Imitations, Rope Valances and Portieres, Screens and Screen Frames, Fret Work of all kinds; indeed, everything you expect to see in a well appointed Upholstery Department is here, at reasonable rates.

## FURNITURE.

We make this week a special showing of Dining-room Furniture, Sideboards, Dining Tables, Chairs, China Closets, etc., everything pertaining to the dining-room. Our east window gives you a faint idea of the beauty and magnitude of our stocks in this direction. Again we say, No Fancy Prices.

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Se	The mo	st popular Vel	
the .		ne market. Print. lower than	
	other hous	se in the city.	
2000	16-inch front	wheel\$	1.9
TO THE R	7 20 " "	·	2.20
1/12	24 " "		2.4
	coc u u	4	0 77

Girl's Tricycle, with new improvements, superior quality. 22-inch wheels......\$6.25

close attention, frequently exchanging hoarse whispers. Any demonstrations of noisiness were quickly checked by the fellows behind me, who were evidently persons of some distinction and authority in the gang. They were of real assistance to me in maintaining quiet and in giving slite of information for which i occasionally asked. In haif an hour I had finished, and after gathering up my 'copy,' asked my watchers if it was all right. They looked at each other wisely, and then at me stupidly, and finally replied that the thing assemed to be told about as it was. Well,' I replied, 'if there are any corrections to be made, say so, I don't want any mistakes.' They said there